

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1002.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 25. 1840.

[PRICE 2d.]



JOHN KNOX'S RESIDENCE

AT GLASGOW.

It is to be deplored, that the residences, places of sepulture, or of refuge, of eminent men, in former times, have not been considered more worthy of preservation, either by such pictorial representations, or authentic memoirs, as might satisfy the biographer in pursuit of information of so much moment in elucidating the lives of remarkable men, as well as the biographer, or antiquarian, in furnishing them with the exact locality of the spot.

The building, of which the above engraving is a faithful portraiture, was generally considered as the once residence, in Glasgow, of the eminent John Knox. Anxious to preserve the resemblance of such an interesting place, as it was destroyed, our artist made a drawing of the venerable relic.

The tradition of the country, says Mr. Crick, fixes the birth of Knox at Haddington, the principal town of the county.* The place of his nativity has been much disputed: he was born at Gifford, a village in East Lothian, has been the most prevailing opinion, who was his contemporary, and per-

The Life of John Knox, by Thomas M'Crick, 1812.

sonally acquainted with our reformer, designs him, "Joannes Knoxus, Scotus, Giffordiensis," in his *Icones Virorum Illustrium*, Ec. iij., Anno, 1580. Spottiswood, in his history, p. 265, Anno, 1677, says, he was "born in Gifford within Lothian." David Buchanan, in the account of Knox, prefixed to the edition of his History of the Reformation, published, Anno, 1644, gives the same account: and this has been adopted in all the sketches of his life that have accompanied his history, even in the edition printed from authentic MSS., Anno, 1732. In a "Genealogical Account of the Knoxes," (a MS. in the possession of the family of the late Mr. James Knox, Minister of Secon,) the reformer's father is said to have been proprietor of the estate of Gifford: but the tradition of the country ought to be paramount to all. "The house in which he is said to have been born is still shown by the inhabitants, in one of the suburbs of the town, called the *Gifford-gate*. This house, with some adjoining acres of land, continued to be possessed by the family, until

* Scott's History of the Reformation in Scotland, p. 94.

about fifty years ago, when it was purchased from them by the Earl of Wemyss.*

Archibald Hamilton, a contemporary and a countryman of Knox, gives the same account of the place of his birth, "Obscuris natus parentibus in Hadintona, oppido in Laudonia."† Another writer, Laingæus (Scotus), de Vita et Moribus, atque rebus gestis Hæreticorum nostri temporis, says also that he was born "prope Hadintonam."

John Knox died in 1572, when he had reached the 67th year of his age. His mortal remains were followed to the grave by all the respectable characters in Edinburgh, as well as by several of the nobility, and particularly by the Earl of Morton, the regent of the kingdom, who, as soon as the body was committed to the earth, said, "*There lies he who never feared the face of man: who hath often been threatened with dag and dagger, but hath yet ended his days in peace and honour.*"‡

THE ACCESSION OF SPRING.

AN ALLEGORY.

BOONE on a solar ray, and wing'd with gold,
Her graceful form veil'd in an amber cloud,
The daughter of the sun, first-born of spring,—
Sweet April now descends upon the plains,
Smiling in all her native loveliness.
She mildly chides the tyrant of the north,—
Embolden'd by her beauty, and her meek
And gentle mien, the wild invader speaks
In amorous terms, and wooes the heavenly maid,
Who, quick resenting from his rude embrace,
Her eye swift flashes forth contemptuous scorn.

Nature, rejoicing, hastes to meet the chaste
Angelic maid—the happy pair embrace.—
Spring now advances in her majesty;
A voice proclaims aloud her regal reign:—
The lovely queen ascends her radiant throne,
Glowing with beauty;—her attendant trains
Chant a melodious hymn of gratitude
To their triumphant prince—the vernal sun.
The snows dissolve, fresh verdure clothes the meads,
Emblems of hope arise at Flora's call.
And joy and rapturous love inspire all hearts.
The vast creation joins in grateful praise
To that Almighty and Eternal God,
Whose gracious Providence ordains that earth
Once more shall hail the genial reign of SPRING.

Mansfield.

WM. HARDY, JUN.

THE OAK AND THE VIOLET.

BESIDE an oak-tree tall and strong,
Some simple violets grew,
But as the gay crowd past along,
No eye, no heed they drew.

But all admired the stately tree,
The forest monarch's pride,
He stood so firm and loftily,
His boughs spread far and wide.

Now by the woodman's axe laid low,
That oak's no longer seen;
But still those simple violets grow
Secure beneath the green.

* Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland, pp. 69-70.

† De confusione Calviniana Sectæ apud Scotos, Dialogus p. 64. Parisiis, 1577.

‡ Encyclopædia Edinensis, vol. iv., p. 466.

And thus it is with pomp and power,
The crowd awhile admire,
Sunk in affliction's adverse hour,
Unmiss'd the proud expire.

For as the gay throng pass that spot,
And catch the fragrance wild,
The forest oak is all forgot—
Not so those violets mild.

Thus 'tis with humble excellence,
Its little circle round,—
Dispensing good without pretence,
Without pretension found.

T. TORRINGTON.

CONTRABAND MUSEUM IN PARIS.

I HAD caught a bad cold, and just as I lifted up my head to sneeze, I saw through one of the windows of the mayor's office, in the twelfth *arrondissement*, the body of a negro hanging by the neck. At the first glance, and even at the second, I took it for a human being whom disappointed love, or perhaps an expeditious justice, had disposed of so suddenly; but I soon ascertained that the ebony gentleman in question, was only a kind of doll as large as life. What to think of this I did not know; so I asked the door-keeper the meaning of it.

"This is the contraband museum," was the answer; and, on my showing a curiosity to examine it, he was kind enough to act as my *cicerone*.

In a huge dusty room are scattered over the floor, on the walls, and along the ceiling, all the inventions of roguery which have been confiscated from time to time by those guardians of the law, the revenue officers. It is a complete arsenal of the weapons of smuggling; all, unfortunately, in complete confusion. Look before you, there is a hoghead dressed up as a nurse, with a child that holds just two quarts and a-half. On the other side are logs, hollow as the Trojan horse, and filled with whole armies of cigars. On the floor lies a huge boa-constrictor, gorged with China silks, and just beyond it a pile of coal, curiously perforated with spoons of cotton. The coloured gentleman who had excited my sympathy so much at first, met with his fate under the following circumstances:—He was built of tin, painted black, and stood like a heyduck or Ethiopian *chasseur*, on the foot-board of a carriage, fastened by the feet and hands. He had frequently passed through the gates, and was well known by sight to the soldiers, who noticed that he was always showing his teeth, which they supposed to be the custom of his country. One day the carriage he belonged to was stopped by a crowd at the gate. There was, as usual, a grand chorus of oaths and yells, the vocal part being performed by the drivers and carmen, and the instrumental by their whips. The negro, however, never spoke a word. His good behaviour delighted the soldiers, who held him up as an example to the crowd. "Look at the black fellow," they cried, "see how well he behaves! Bravo, nigger, bravo!"

showed a perfect indifference to their applause. "My friend," said a clerk at the barrier, jumping up on the footboard, and slapping our sable friend on the shoulder, "we are really very much obliged to you!" O, surprise! the shoulders rattled. The officer was bewildered; he sounded the footman all over, and found he was a man of metal, and as full as his skin would hold of the very best contraband liquor. The juicy mortal was seized at once, and carried off in triumph. The first night, the revenue people drank up one of his shoulders, and he was soon bled to death. It is now six years since he lost all the moisture in his system, and was reduced to a dry skeleton.—*From the French.*

"FINE GOLD"—FROM THE GERMAN.

NO. 1.

Remembrances of Childhood summoned up by Sweet Music.

THIS Ranz des Vaches at once awakened all the Memory of his Childhood, and forthwith she arose out of the morning dew, and out of her bower of rose-buds and slumbering flowers, and stepped before him in heavenly beauty, and smiled, innocently and with her thousand hopes, upon him, and said, "Look at me—how beautiful I am! We used to play together! I formerly gave thee many things—great riches, gay meadows, and bright gold, and a beautiful long paradise behind the mountains; but now thou hast nothing of all this left—and how pale thou art! O play with me again!" Before which of us has not Childhood been a thousand times called up by music and to which of us has she not spoken, and asked—"Are the rose-buds which I gave thee not yet blown?" Alas! blown, indeed, they are—but they were pale, white, withering ones.—*Jean Paul.*

Affectionate Whisperings.

Friendship, love, and piety ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence—to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought—many more, to be spoken.—*Novalis.*

The Evenings of Creation.

The sun sinks—and the earth closes her great eye, like that of a dying god. Then smoke the hills like altars:—out of every wood sounds a chorus:—the veils of day, the shadows, float around the enkindled, transparent tree-tops, and fall upon the gem-like flowers. The burnished gold of the west throws back a dead gold on the east, and tinges with rosy light the hovering breast of the umulous night,—the evening bell of nature.—*Jean Paul.*

A good Man.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank, man, without any high preten-

sions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging,—alike at all hours: above all of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor.—*Lessing.*

Exquisite Love of Mothers.

Last among the characteristics of woman, is that sweet, motherly love, with which nature has gifted her; it is almost independent of cold reason, and wholly removed from all selfish hope of reward. Not because it is lovely, does the mother love her child, but because it is a living part of herself—the child of her heart, a fraction of her own nature. Therefore do her entrails yearn over its wallings; her heart beats quicker at its joy; her blood flows more softly through her veins, when the breast at which he drinks, knits him to her.—*Herder.*

Christian Charitableness.

The last, best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul is, tenderness towards the hard, forbearance towards the unforbearing, warmth of heart towards the cold, philanthropy towards the misanthropic.—*Jean Paul.*

A fine Speculation.

It seems to me that the dim intervals by which sleep and death distribute and sever our existence, prevent the too strongly increasing brightness of one idea, the burning of never-cooled wishes, and the vehement conflux of thoughts; as the planetary systems are divided by wide tracts of dim space, and the solar systems by yet wider. The human mind cannot catch the endless stream of knowledge, which sweeps on through all perpetuity, except it drink in the pauses and breaks of the current. Those midsummer-nights, which we sometimes call sleep, sometimes death, divide that eternal day, which would blind our mental eye, into portions of day, and enclose its noontide between morning and evening.—*Jean Paul.*

A MOISTENED PIPE MELODIOUS.

"It hath been tried," says Lord Bacon, "that a pipe a little moistened on the inside, but yet so as there be no drops left, maketh a more solemn sound than if the pipe were dry; but yet with a sweet degree of sibilation or purling. The cause is, for that all things porous being superficially wet, and, as it were, between dry and wet, become a little more even and smooth; but the purling which needs proceed of inequality, I take to be bred between the smoothness of the inward surface of the pipe which is wet, and the rest of the wood of the pipe, into which the wet cometh not."

The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh
May shed celestial music on the breeze,
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Beats the lip of Phoebus. LOW.

ANECDOTES OF THE INSANE.

EVERY writer on the subject agrees in assigning intemperance as a very prolific source of mental alienation. Dr. Macintosh, in his "Practice of Physic," observes that "gluttony and drunkenness, particularly the latter, are too frequently the causes of insanity." He is joined in this opinion by Dr. Abercrombie; whose admirable work on the "Intellectual Powers," I cannot too strongly recommend. It has reached the ninth edition; which is a sufficient proof of the estimation in which it is held. It treats mental science in a most attractive style; and some of its departments, this among the rest, are brimful of anecdotes. The author considers there is a fallacy with respect to what have been styled the *moral* causes of insanity; and that erroneous views of religion, instead of being the *cause*, are often a *part* of the disease. I am glad to record here the testimony of an enlightened physician, Dr. Fraill, who may be almost said to have passed his life among the insane; and who says he does not think religion is so frequent a cause of insanity, as is generally supposed; for many insane patients have fears on religious subjects, although before their illness they were *not* religious. Of these we may say, that their "last state" is *better* "than the first." Dr. Fraill also gives this emphatic testimony on the side of temperance;—that ardent spirits send more patients to asylums, than all other causes put together.

When patients are inclined to take an excessive quantity of food or drink, they must be restrained; but not put on too short an allowance. The barbarous practice of keeping such patients on very low diet, was sometimes fatal, and is now happily exploded. At the Bicêtre (a celebrated receptacle for the insane at Paris), when the whole daily allowance of food for each was a pound and a half, served at one time, sixty-two out of every hundred patients died. After the revolution, the quantity of food was increased to two pounds, served at twice, together with *potage* at night. The mortality fell to thirteen in a hundred; but other improvements partly contributed to this result. The food should be good in quality, as well as sufficient in quantity. Want of food is of itself sufficient to produce insanity. This is observed in those distressing scenes which sometimes occur after shipwrecks. The sufferers on the raft of the Medusa, for instance, became mad from starvation and exposure. The asylum at Milan is filled with wretched persons who have become insane from bad feeding; and they are almost all recovered by nourishing food. It is very wrong, in asylums, to feed patients on salt meat, two or three times a week, when they have been used to better fare. Beside being cruel, it is calculated to retard their recovery. It is often of great consequence to keep the feet warm. Dr. Mackintosh, while outside the door, once heard a maniac say, that if his feet

were warm he should get well. The feet were found to be as cold as marble; were warmed; and the patient began to recover immediately.

Intoxication is not only a frequent cause of insanity, but is sometimes mistaken for it. A young man was taken, one night, into the Liverpool asylum, with a certificate from a medical man, who had granted it (improperly) on the representations of his friends, without having seen him personally. He was only intoxicated; and, on coming to his senses, was much surprised at his situation. In a few days he was dismissed; with an assurance that the life he had lately led, would render him a fit inmate for the asylum. No patient can now be put into an asylum without a certificate signed by *two* medical men.

During the peninsular war, many of the medical officers went mad; for, after a battle, instead of going to sleep (like the other officers), they were obliged to dress wounds; and the anxiety, labour, and want of rest brought on insanity. Many of them committed suicide. One of them popped a new-born child into water. He was put into an asylum, and was constantly arguing with a lawyer there.

A slight should never be shewn to the feelings of the insane; for they are often very sensible to galling words, or to anything like contempt or indignity; and such treatment will often produce the most violent excitement. A gentleman (says Dr. Fraill) was brought into the asylum at Liverpool, in so violent a state of excitement as to require confinement in bed. As he had been at my house a few days previously, he considered me to be the author of his "imprisonment," as he called it; and, on that account, had a violent antipathy to me. He contrived to slip one of his hands out of the manacle; and then, with a piece of glass he had taken from a window he had broken, (and which piece of glass he had secreted in his mouth), he cut all the other straps. On looking into his room through an aperture, I saw he was at liberty, and had nearly torn away the window-frame. We afterwards learned that his intention had been to throw himself out; though the window was at the height of three stories. The governor rushed in with me; but before we could secure him, he struck us each a blow on the face. The governor then pinned him in his grasp; I took hold of his legs; and we laid him on the floor. The manacles brought by a keeper were too small; and while the governor went to look for others, he was left in charge of the keeper and myself. He then asked me why I held him on the floor. I replied that he had struck the governor and me; but we allowed no striking in the house; that I knew he was a man of his word; and would let him rise if he would promise to be quiet. He promised accordingly; and though the keeper remonstrated, I ordered the latter to leave the room, and not to interfere with my patient. We sat down quietly on the edge of the bed, and talked of the weather and other matters, till the return of the govern-

not
nac
frie
A
wh
div
as
len
sun
ten
bef
con
viol
acc
tool
a fe
a bl
for
one
he
mor

THE
dora
soun
soun
neot
bor
we
den
wro
ence
orch
Dun
noth
trun
nole
insep
unt
illus
was
blen
equa
the
ship
woul
the
and
the
great
ploys
and
Levi
with
built
his
ence
musi
bran
by th
the t

S
volum
page
ber 21

nor; when he held out his hands for the manacles; and we were ever afterwards good friends.

Attention should be paid to the inquiry, whether any hatred towards a particular individual is entertained by the insane person; as such a feeling is likely to give rise to violence, when not expected. Dr. Thomson was summoned as a witness in a case, in which a gentleman who had just come of age, was brought before a commission of lunacy. In his general conduct he was harmless; but had conceived a violent degree of hatred against his sister, on account of something she had said; and he took every opportunity of gratifying it. Only a few days before the commission, he aimed a blow at her with a hatchet; but, fortunately for her, it slipped from his grasp, and fell on one side. Education had been attempted; but he could comprehend nothing; and became more idiotic as he advanced in life.—N. R.

MUSIC IN THE TEMPLE.

THE prevailing opinion, that music is of modern origin, and that the "concord of sweet sounds," was only brought to perfection in sunny France or classic Italy, is entirely erroneous. Without going back centuries, for border ballads or the songs of the troubadours, we may refer to antiquity itself, with confidence, even to the times when King David wrote a song, and Solomon perfected the science, by introducing instruments of music and orchestral accompaniments in the temple. During the government of Moses, we hear nothing in Scripture about music. He ordered trumpets to be made, to be sounded only on solemn festivals, the year of the jubilee, or to inspire the soldiers with valour. It was not until the time of David, that divine poet and illustrious monarch, that music, as a science, was cultivated. Poetry and music were blended in him in equal measure, and held equal pace with his zeal and piety. He was the first who introduced music in divine worship, impressed with the conviction that it would contribute to the pomp and majesty of the choir-worship in the tabernacle, and soften and subdue the hearts and rugged tempers of the people. The number of Levites became so great that he was compelled to find them employment, and he therefore composed hymns and songs, and set them to music, and had the Levites taught to sing them, which they did with great effect. When the temple was built and dedicated, King Solomon organised his band on a scale of grandeur and magnificence which has no parallel in history, and music was cultivated and improved in every branch until that great edifice was destroyed by the Romans. All classes and employees in the temple joined in the chorus; even the door-

keepers of the family of *Kore* were singers and composers; we have their compositions in the psalter as *Khorettes*. To give an idea of the grandeur of the choir, and the entire organization of the band, as well as to convey a faint impression of the vastness and space of that magnificent fête, it is only necessary to state that there were four thousand doorkeepers, four thousand singers, and twenty-four thousand Levites, having various duties to perform in the temple, and at various periods, under proper divisions and classifications. The choir was under the direction of three leaders, as we would call them, but then known as princes or presidents of music, *Asaph*, *Heman*, and *Jeduthun*, who had among them twenty-four sons, whom they placed at the head of twenty-four bands of music, and to each of these bands were eleven sub-leaders, and they took their several stations in the temple; those of the family of *Kohath* in the middle, of *Merari* on the left, and of *Gershen* on the right hand. The instruments were divided under different leaders, so as to produce harmony by the combination; thus the sons of *Jeduthun* played on the *kinner*, the sons of *Asaph* on the *naboi* or *psalterium*, and the sons of *Heman* on the *metallothian*, and constant practice between father and son made them capital artists. It has been a subject of dispute, whether women were allowed to be among the singers in the temple. I have never doubted that they were so permitted, but they occupied a separate gallery, and did not mingle with the men. It is curious to examine the authorities on this head, because it has been contended that they had no participation in the solemn services, whereas it is evident that their fine voices were deemed essential in carrying out the melody of the choir. *Heman* had twelve sons and three daughters, who joined in singing divine praises; when the ark was brought from *Kirjath-Jearim* to *Jerusalem*, there was a chorus of young damsels. *Exra*, on his return from the Babylonish captivity, brought with him two hundred singing men and women, and the ninth psalm is dedicated to one of the masters of music, "of the band of young damsels." When David invited *Barsillai* to accompany him to a concert in the court, he answered emphatically, "I am this day four score years old—can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?" It has been asked, what order King Solomon took in organizing a female band of choristers; but those who have studied his well known character for gallantry could have had no doubts on the subject, nay, he says himself, "I got me men singers and women singers." No doubt he had a very large collection, indispensably necessary, I should think, as *sopranos* to the full swellings of the mighty *hallelujahs*.

It is curious to examine the instruments of music composing the bands in the temple; they were divided into three classes—wind instruments—stringed instruments—and the

* See "the Mirror," Nos. 934, 937, 941, and 969, volume xxxiii., pages 69, 114, and 182; volume xxxiv., page 88; February 2, and 23, March 23, and September 21, 1839.

two drums—*tympans* and *crepitacula*. The stringed instruments were the *nebel* and *kinner*, and the wind instruments were flutes, horns and trumpets, etc. The flutes were of various kinds. *Salmasius* says, the most ancient had not above one or two holes, and therefore they used two at the same time, one from each corner of the mouth, the right sounded the bass note, the left the tenor, and was called *tibis imparibus*. We see ancient drawings of shepherds playing on two pipes,* in like manner. They had no organ, but they had an instrument called *hugab*, producing similar effect, and consisted of several pipes or flutes joined together, on which they played from the under lip. *Minnim* was a stringed instrument—Anacreon gives it twenty strings. *Timbrels*, generally used by women. *Tschitel*, was our cymbals. The *shaleshim* is another instrument of three strings, like a guitar, the *sistrum*. The "*winged zalsel*" of Isaiah was made of brass rods, cross-barred, and which, in striking, sent forth a shrill noise. *Metsilothoon* was an instrument used in Turkish bands, with bells; we have them occasionally in our military bands. It is evident, from these facts, that music in the temple of King Solomon was cultivated to the highest perfection, and must have been magnificently solemn and impressive; indeed, music may be said to have been used on many occasions by the Hebrews. Songs of victory, thanksgivings, epithalamiums, songs of joy and of grief, psalms and chanting of prayers. Music was also resorted to for the purpose of dispelling melancholy. King Saul was frequently afflicted with hypochondria, and whenever the melancholy mood was upon him he sent for David, who played on the harp before him, and thus dispelled the vapours.

Old Kit Marlow, I think it was he, in the prologue to the play of David and Bathsheba, has the following beautiful passage:—

—“ Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The angels and cherubims lay their breasts;
And when his consecrated fingers struck the golden
wires
Of his ravishing harp, he gave alarm
To the host of heaven, which, winged with
Lightning, cast their crystal armour at his
Conquering feet.” *New York Mirror.*

COMPARISON BETWEEN BECKET AND WOLSEY.

BECKET, indeed, assumed a more than regal pomp; when on a journey he prided himself in having a team of eight wagons, each drawn by five of the strongest horses; two of them containing his ale, one the furniture of his chapel, another the furniture of his kitchen, and the other three, filled with provisions, clothes, and other necessaries; having besides

* This playing on two pipes is very ancient, and not confined to Jerusalem alone. Who can forget the energetic figure in Annibale Caracci's picture of Bacchus and Ariadne, blowing the double pipes *modo triumphali*.

twelve pack-horses, carrying his trunks, containing his money, plate, books, and the ornaments of the altar. To each of these wagons was chained a fierce mastiff, and on each of the pack-horses, sat an ape or a monkey. Wolsey, on the other hand, the proud cardinal, astonished all beholders by the splendour of his progresses to Westminster Hall. "Habited," says Miss Benger, in her life of Anna Boleyn, p. 290, "in crimson robes, with a tippet of black sables round his neck, he mounted with a semblance of apostolic humility, a mule trapped in crimson velvet. Before him, were borne in state, the symbols of his authority; first, was displayed the broad seal of England, the cardinal's hat was then exhibited, two red crosses next attracted the eye, and beyond marched two pillar-bearers in solemn state. On either side rode nobles and gentlemen, whilst four footmen walked before the cardinal's mule, each presenting the gold pole-axe, the ensign of justice, to the awe-stricken spectator. Whenever the sublime legate approached, he was greeted with spontaneous obeisance. "Ho! my masters," was vociferated from every quarter, "room for the cardinal! make way for my Lord Cardinal!" On alighting at the hall, he was surrounded by numerous suitors, to whom he assumed an air of courtesy rather condescending than gracious, and was observed often to apply to his nostrils a hollow orange, filled with sponge, steeped in aromatics and vinegar, avowedly to protect himself from contagion."

And to what did all this sumptuous grandeur and presumption lead these men! The one fell a victim to an unguarded expression of his king, and was slain at the altar; the other, still trusting in his power of temporizing, fell by the very same means that had secured to him his temporary power. His declining to take any active part in the negotiations relative to the divorce of the king, for fear of offending either his majesty or the pope, proved his ruin; from that moment dated his fall, and how rapid it was! Of the two, the former long lived in the nation's mind, deplored and bewailed, canonized and enshrined; the latter, neglected and unpitied. For many years visits were paid to the shrine of the martyr, till at length, a most curious circumstance despoiled the altar of all its finery and gorgeous ornaments. "Although," says Tytler, in his life of Henry VIII. p. 391, "he (Becket) had been buried more than four centuries, a criminal information was exhibited by the king's attorney, by which he was cited to appear before the court, and answer to the charges brought against him. After his condemnation, his shrine, which was covered with plates of gold, and adorned by the zeal of former times, with gems of large size and exquisite lustre, was entirely broken up." "The spoil of this monument," says Godwin, "wherein nothing was meaner than gold, filled two chests so full, that each required eight strong men to bear them away." H. M.

Biography.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI,

On, as he is more generally styled by Cellini, and others, the Divine Michael Angelo, was born in the Castle of Caprese, in Tuscany, on the 6th of March, 1474; and descended from the noble and illustrious family of the Counts of Canossa. He was sent to nurse at Settignano, and entrusted to the care of the wife of a stone-mason, and who was also the daughter of a person of the same employment; hence Michael Angelo sometimes facetiously remarked that it was no wonder he was delighted with a chisel, since it was given to him with his mother's milk. When of a proper age, his father, perceiving he had talents, sent him to one Francesco d'Urbino, who, at that time, kept a grammar-school at Florence, to receive the rudiments of his education; but drawing was his amusement and his study, and whenever he could steal any time, it was devoted to that pursuit. He became acquainted with Francesco Granacci; who, seeing his fondness for drawing, encouraged and assisted him; he lent him designs to copy, and took him to his father's house, and other places where any work of art could afford him instruction. The first attempt Michael Angelo made in painting was with his assistance; he lent him colours and pencils, and a print representing the story of St. Anthony beaten by devils; this he copied with so much success that it was universally admired. On the 1st of April, 1488, he was articled to Domenico Ghirlandaïo and his brother David, for three years, but he gained little instruction from his master, for Ghirlandaïo always shewed envy, when praise was bestowed on the juvenile works of Michael Angelo. At this period Lorenzo de Medici was desirous of establishing a school for the advancement of sculpture, and requested Ghirlandaïo to permit any of his scholars to study there: no sooner had he entered upon his studies here, than he began modelling some figures in clay, and Lorenzo, who frequently visited his school, observing his progress, encouraged him with expressions of approbation; he next tried his skill in marble, and chose a mutilated old head, or, rather, a laughing faun, for his first attempt; he begged a piece of marble, and was accommodated with chisels, and whatever else was necessary for his undertaking; and, in a few days, brought his labours to a conclusion. When Lorenzo visited his garden, he saw Michael Angelo polishing the mask, and was so delighted with this extraordinary piece of work for so young an artist, that he resolved to take him under his own immediate patronage. After overcoming the objections of his father, who disapproved of his son being a sculptor, and declared he should never be a stone-mason, he embraced the offer of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and was provided by that great patron of the arts with a room, and whatever else he

could desire, at the palace of Lorenzo. Michael Angelo was now between fifteen and sixteen years of age, and remained with Lorenzo, his patron and protector, until his death, which happened on the 8th of April, 1492. At the commencement of the next year he retired to Bologna, where he was received with flattering marks of attention, and, after executing a statue of St. Petronia, he returned to Florence, where he was soon promised to be introduced to the Cardinal St. Giorgio, whereupon he visited Rome, and executed some of his finest works. In 1502, he left Rome, and returned to Florence; here he added to his fame as a painter, by that celebrated cartoon of the Battle of the Florentines and the Pisans, and which was the most extraordinary work which had appeared since the revival of the arts in Italy. It ornamented the hall of the Ducal Palace. In the year 1504, he was invited by Julius II. to Rome, when the pope gave him an unlimited commission to erect a mausoleum; on its completion there was found no place fit to receive so superb and matchless a design: St. Peter's was an old church, and not at all adapted, and any alteration would destroy the character of the building: at length the pope resolved to rebuild St. Paul's itself; and this is the origin of that edifice, which took a hundred and fifty years to complete, and is now the grandest display of architectural splendour that ornaments the Christian world.*

On account of Michael Angelo being refused admittance to the pope, he left Rome and returned to Florence. The pope, on hearing of this hasty step, sent several letters, urging him to return, but in vain; until his friend Soderini telling him the Florentine power could no longer risk the displeasure of the pope, and therefore must beg of him to throw himself on the mercy of the pope; this Michael Angelo again refused, and proposed to engage himself in the service of Bajazet II., to build a bridge between Constantinople and Pera; he was dissuaded from this project, and, on the government of Florence appointing him ambassador to Rome, in order that he might be secure from the displeasure of the pope; he consented to return, and was engaged to paint the Sistine chapel. Upon the unfortunate state of affairs at Rome in 1524, he returned to Florence; and in 1529 appointed military architect and master of the ordnance, and completed the fortifications of that city in the same year, when the Prince of Orange besieged it. On its surrender, in 1530, which ended the Florentine republic, Michael Angelo left his house, and took refuge in the bell-tower of the church of St. Nicolas, in order that he might not fall into the hands of the pope Clement VII., who shortly after published a proclamation, offering him a free pardon if he would return to Rome, and finish the monuments in St. Lorenzo; which he agreed to. In the year 1546, Michael Angelo was called on to fulfil the office of architect of St. Peter's;

* Duppa's Life of Michael Angelo, p. 33.

he accepted the appointment upon these conditions, that he would receive no salary, and that it should be so expressed in the patent; since he undertook the office purely from devotional feelings. Michael Angelo was then in the seventy-second year of his age. The remainder of his life was employed chiefly in building the Farnese Palace, left unfinished by St. Gallo: making designs for the palace of Julius III., bridges, and other great works.

In the month of February, 1563, he was attacked by a slow fever, which gave symptoms of his approaching death; and he died on the 17th of February, 1563, aged eighty-eight years, eleven months and fifteen days. His body was privately removed to Florence, and deposited in the church of Santa Croce. By the friars of that order, the funeral ceremony was again performed, and, on the fourteenth of March, the body was finally deposited in the vault by the side of the altar, called, the Altare de' Cavalcanti, where a monument was afterwards erected to him, and his bust placed on a sarcophagus. About the year 1720, the vault was opened; and, Botari says, that the remains of Michael Angelo had not then lost their original form. He was habited in the costume of the ancient citizens of Florence, in a gown of green velvet, and slippers of the same.

So impressed was Sir Joshua Reynolds with the transcendent powers of Michael Angelo that, in the last speech which, unfortunately for the lovers of art, he delivered as President of the Royal Academy, he thus concludes:—"Gentlemen, I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of this truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo! Michael Angelo!"

This President of the Royal Academy carried his veneration for him so far, that he used to seal his letters with the impress of his head; and in the picture which he painted of himself for the Royal Academy, has represented himself standing near a bust of Michael Angelo.

Michael Angelo was of the middle stature, bony in his make, and rather spare, although broad over the shoulders. He had a good complexion; his forehead was square, and somewhat projecting; his eyes rather small, of a hazel colour; and on his brows but little hair; his nose was flat, being disfigured from the blow he received from Torregiano, his lips were thin; and, speaking anatomically, the cranium, on the whole, was rather large in proportion to the face. He wore his beard, which was divided into two points at the bottom, not very thick, and about four inches long; his beard and the hair of his head were black when he was a young man, his countenance animated and expressive.

He was never married, but he was in love with the celebrated Vittoria Colonna Marchio-

ness of Pescara, to whom he addressed three sonnets and a madrigal, and wrote an epitaph on her death. She was a woman of superior mind and endowments. He was one day pressed to marriage by a friend of his; who, amongst other topics, told him that he might then have children, to whom he might leave his great works of art. "I have already," replied he, "a wife that harasses me, that is, my art; and my works are my children."

Dante was the favourite poet of Michael Angelo, and he appears to have transfused into his works many of his magnificent and sublime images. His acquirements in anatomy are manifest throughout his works; he dissected the body of a young Moor, and made his remarks; but the result was never published.

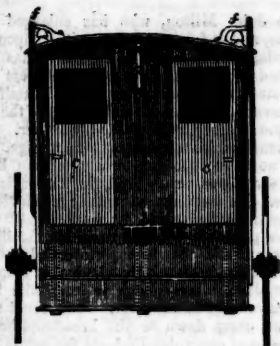
This wonderful genius was said to have been so consummate a master of the art of sculpture, that he could make a whole length statue without setting his points, like all other statuaries.

Michael Angelo's seal represented three rings, enclosed one within the other, as expressive of the union which he had made in his mind of the three different arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture.

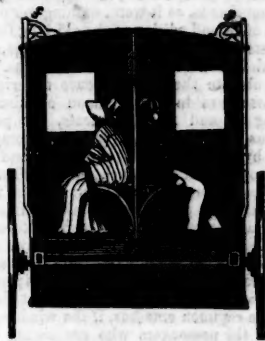
We cannot conclude this sketch better than with the following character of Michael Angelo, by the late Mr. Fuseli; extracted from the Somerset House Miscellany, "Sublimity of conception, grandeur of form and breadth of manner, are the elements of Michael Angelo's style. By these principles he selected or rejected the objects of imitation. As painter—as sculptor—as architect—he attempted, and, above any other man succeeded to unite magnificence of plan, and endless variety of subordinate parts, with the utmost simplicity and breadth. His line is uniformly grand. Character and beauty were admitted only as far as they could be made subservient to grandeur. The child—the female—meanness—deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. A beggar rose from his hand the patriarch of poverty; the hump of his dwarf is impressed with dignity; his women are moulds of generation; his infants teem with the man; his men are a race of giants. To give the appearance of perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty, was the exclusive power of Michael Angelo. The fabric of St. Peter, scattered into an infinity of jarring parts by Bramante and his followers, he concentrated; suspended the cupola, and to the most complex, gave the air of the most simple of all edifices. Though as a sculptor he expressed the character of flesh more perfectly than all that went before, or came after him, yet he never submitted to copy an individual: whilst in painting he contented himself with a negative colour." 2.

It would
query to
the mod
the first
to the p
at the v

THE PATENT OMNIBUS.



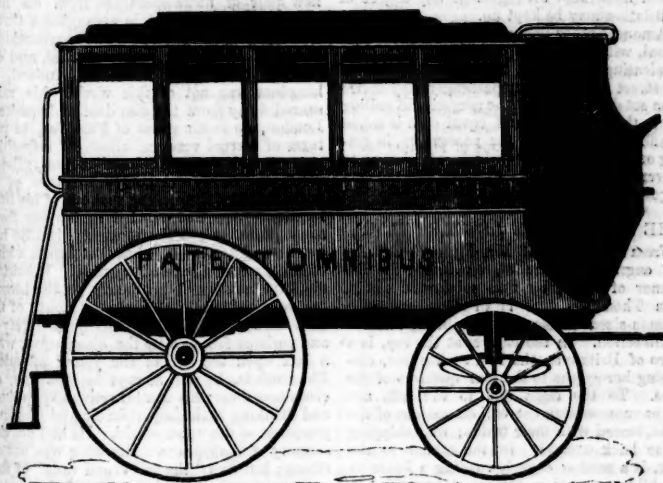
BACK VIEW OF THE OMNIBUS.



TRANSVERSE SECTION.

- a, a.—are passengers' seats, affixed to the centre of the Omnibus.
- b.—is a partition, dividing the Omnibus into two compartments.
- c, c.—are two doors, which hang clear away from the wheels.
- d.—is the conductor's step between the two doors.
- e, e.—are two strong hand-rails affixed on the sides of the Omnibus, by which passengers are aided

- in passing from one end of the Omnibus to the other.
- f, f.—are bells to give notice to the conductor.
- h, h.—are clock cords, within reach of the passengers, when desirous of communicating with the conductor.
- i.—is a handle for the conductor to hold by, when on his step.



SIDE VIEW OF THE OMNIBUS.

It would be a matter of much pleasurable inquiry to trace the various improvements in the mode of travelling in Great Britain, from the first introduction of stage coaches in 1640, to the patent omnibus of 1840; with a glance at the various fashions of the private coaches,

[or, *carouches*—hence the word carriages, to designate them from the common hackney-coach] from the heavy *joultling* tumbrel of 1560, to the tasty "Brougham" of 1840.

Omnibuses were introduced by Lieut. Shillibeer, in the latter end of 1825, and beginning

of 1832, drawn by three horses abreast, to go from the Bank to Paddington, they having previously been much in vogue in Paris. The omnibus is, as it were, nothing more than a sort of second edition of the old long Greenwich stage, in use about forty years ago, with 'additions, amendments, and alterations.'

To obviate the inconvenience experienced by passengers in the common omnibus, in passing to and from the seats, the patent omnibus will be divided into two compartments by a partition along the centre, and having a row of seats on each side, against the partition, facing the windows; ample room being given for passengers to take their seats. The compartments or sides to be entered by distinct doors; and under the windows rails are fixed for the use of passengers, so that ladies, invalids, and elderly persons, may easily guide themselves to or from the vacant places.

In the common omnibus, if the windows be opened, the passengers who are sitting with their backs to them, run the risk of catching cold; this is necessarily the same on both sides of the vehicle, and thus the windows are seldom open at all. The offensive effluvia arising from want of ventilation in wet or hot weather, is not only exceedingly disagreeable, but also tends to induce headache, faintness, and other ailments. But in the patent omnibus, the passengers face the windows, by which admirable arrangement any degree of ventilation may be kept up.

Amongst other improvements, is a check or signal, within reach of every passenger, communicating with bells, to indicate the side of the street at which any passenger may desire to be set down, without the necessity of calling out to the conductor, and equal care is taken to afford protection to the passengers, in getting on and off the steps, which extend so as to prevent the necessity of stepping into the carriage-way or centre of the street.

THE POST-OFFICE LETTER-STAMP,

Is from the pencil of Mr. Mulready, R. A., and engraved, in relief, on brass, in the manner of wood, by that celebrated artist, John Thompson. It is in the form of a common-sized envelope, space being left for the direction. In the centre, at the top, is a figure of Britannia, the lion at her feet, dismissing her sylphs to the four quarters of the globe. To the right and to the left, are groups representing the various nations of the world, busied with their traffic; with shipping in the back ground. In the corner to the right, is a mother eagerly reading a letter to her children; and in the corner opposite are youths perusing the written testimonial of a parent's love. As a work of art it reflects the highest credit on the British school. It is supposed in about one month the public will be furnished with them; they are being printed in the establishment of Messrs. Clowes; who, it is reported, have contracted to supply half a-million per day.

WHY MILTON WAS UNFITTED FOR THE STATE MATRIMONIAL.

OLD John Milton, who has enlarged with gusto, and "ful gret solemnitate," upon the marriage-state, and whose verdict has been quoted a thousand times, found at last that the state matrimonial, as far as himself was concerned, was not so delectable as the airy tongue of fancy had syllabled to his ear. But the truth is, Milton was not a fair judge. He was no more fit to possess a wife than Richard the Third was. And the reason is obvious. He was engaged in the construction of gorgeous castles in the air; spirits that "play i' the plighted clouds," were his familiars; and the battles that he superintended in heaven, and the hot work that he had of it in the other place, were enough to keep him in a perfect and constant fever. How could such a man come down to the bread-and-butter concerns of every-day life!—to the gentle hint of Mr. Russell, the tailor, with whom he boarded in Bunhill-fields, that it was about time to elevate the pecuniary *quid pro quo* for victuals and drink, that had fulfilled their offices in his incarnate tabernacle! How could he go to the greengrocer's, and get a cabbage for Mrs. Milton, or anything of that sort, when he was busy in populating Pandemonium! or see about procuring for himself a new pair of unwhisperables from his host, when he was engaged in arranging a throne for Apollyon, and drawing the convention of his peers together, to make speeches, and discuss matters of public interest! Indeed, his kingdom was not of this world; his mind soared away from the dim dust and smoke of London, up to the gates of Paradise, to pastures of eternal verdure, rivers of refreshing waters, and thoroughfares of bullion, glistening in the violet and golden radiance of an unfading sky. Supposing that one of his little responsibilities had bawled in his ear for a sugar-plum, just at the moment when he had got Satan into one of his heaviest fights, a kind of gravy running from his wounds! Would he not have exclaimed petulantly (in the identical words which he puts into the mouth of the arch-fiend) "Oh, Hell!"—it is quite likely—and perhaps followed up the ejaculation, with a box upon the ear of the young offender. The truth is, he was always in *nubibus*, or else above them; his mental retina expanding, and drinking in the imperishable and glorious prospects of the upper world. He had not the serenity of Shakespeare. His wing was not so strong; but like "the sail broad vans" of the great enemy, he waved them as if they were moved by the impetuous rush of a whirlwind. For the common things of this work-day world, he cared little or nothing. He was among men, but not of them. The only woman he ever sincerely loved was Eve. He attended to her with constant devotion. He pranked her pathway with roses; he spread around her the amaranth bowers and banks of

Eden
beque
auctio
and th
the D
he has
mous

OWEN
to cens
but on
think
though
the wa
the lea
men to
their ju
whe the
ther the
formed
amises,
As mar
action,
in gener
generali
If it be
some pr
some fram
able to
produce
show m
should r
yond us
faults.
ments ch
no judgm
If we m
as Sucto
is, to tel
partially
we may
their virt
We shou
than bra
though v
may, wit
prosperou

AN
The mar
bridegroo
rved up
time to m
ever, deen
seven wee
and the ce
sions of th
at his hou
and spent
for the app
ding morn
completely
state and
who was c
and condu
her future

Eden and Asphodel; and the land which he bequeathed her was, to use the language of an auctioneer's advertisement, "well-watered and timbered." He hated Satan "as he did the Devil," and we are inclined to believe that he has exaggerated the demerits of that famous individual.

CENSURE.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—It is the easiest part to censure, or contradict a truth; for, truth is but one, and seeming truths are many. Men think by censuring to be accounted wise, though there is nothing that shows so much the want of knowledge; for those that know the least, censure the most. I would advise men to examine two things before they pass their judgment on the works of others; namely, whether it be more good than ill; and, whether they themselves could, at first, have performed it better. If it be most good, we do amiss, for some errors, to condemn the whole. As man is not judged good or bad, for one action, or the fewest number, but as he is most in general; so in works, we should weigh the generality, and, according to that, censure. If it be rather good than ill, I think he deserves some praise; for nothing in this world can be framed entirely perfect. If we find ourselves able to correct a copy, and not competent to produce an original, yet dare to deprave, we show more criticism than ability; seeing we should rather praise him, that hath gone beyond us, than condemn his worth for a few faults. Self-examination will make our judgments charitable. It is from where there is no judgment, that the heaviest judgment comes. If we must needs censure, it is good to do it as Suetonius writes of the twelve Cæsars; that is, to tell both of their virtues and vices impartially; so that by hearing of their faults, we may learn to avoid them; and by knowing their virtues, be enabled to practise the like. We should rather praise a man for the good, than brand him for the ill, he does. Although we are, by nature, full of faults, we may, with care and industry, become both prosperous and happy.

W. G. C.

ANGLO-SAXON MARRIAGES.

The marriage was always celebrated at the bridegroom's house, and as all the expense devolved upon him, he was allowed a competent time to make preparation. It was not, however, deemed gallant to be longer than six or seven weeks between the time of contracting and the celebration. All the friends and relations of the bridegroom being invited, arrived at his house the day previous to the marriage, and spent the time in feasting, and preparing for the approaching ceremony. On the wedding morning they mounted upon horseback, completely armed, and proceeded in great state and order, under the command of one who was called the *foremost man*, to receive and conduct the bride in safety to the house of her future husband.

The company proceeded in this martial order to do honour to the bride, and to prevent her being intercepted or carried off by any of her former lovers. The bride, in this procession, was accompanied by her guardian and other relations, led by a matron, who was called the *bride's-woman*, followed by a company of young maids, who were called the *bride's-maids*. At her arrival, she was received by the bridegroom, and solemnly betrothed to him by the guardian, in the following set form of words:—"I give thee my daughter (sister, or relation) to be thy honour and thy wife, to keep thy keys, and to share with thee in thy bed and goods. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

After this ceremony was performed, the bridegroom, the bride, and their respective companies went in procession to the church, accompanied with music, where they received the nuptial benediction from the priest. In some places this was done under the nuptial veil, which was a square piece of cloth, supported by a tall man at each corner, over the couple, to conceal her virgin blushes. When the priest had pronounced the benediction, he crowned both with crowns made of flowers, which were kept in the church for that purpose. For this, and several other reasons marriages were usually celebrated during summer.

These ceremonies being ended, all retired to the bridegroom's house, and sat down to a feast, generally as sumptuous as his substance would permit. The afternoon was spent by the youth of both sexes in mirth and dancing, and that, generally in the open air. The wedding dress of the bridegroom, and three of his men, were of the same colour, and so also of the bride, and three of her women, and as these could not, according to custom, be used upon any other occasion, they were given as a present to the minstrels or musicians, or, in after times, to some church or monastery. The feasting and rejoicings generally continued for several days, until all the provisions were consumed. In some measure to indemnify the bridegroom, the relations of both parties made him presents upon their departure.

The Public Journals.

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW. NO. XLIX.
April, 1840. [Black and Armstrong.]

WITH great hardihood this Review perseveres to delve the mines of Foreign Literature, and has just restored "to the bright day the treasures long guarded by the dwarfs of Neglect and Oblivion," buried in the barbarism of the Swedish tongue. "The Old Popular Ballads and Songs of Sweden," is the article with whose rare and valuable productions we shall at present grapple. Charming, indeed, are many of these popular cadences: and force us to acknowledge that poetry is a divine gift implanted in no solitary spot of earth, but blooms as vigorously in polar wildernesses as

amid atmospheres of sunniness and embow-
erments of roses. Our extracts follow in
order due, under their heads as pre-arranged.

Mythological and Heathen Ballads.

7. *Necken, the Water-King, punisheth the proud and cruel Maiden.* G. iii. 129-133. This song is the desolate plaint of a proud maiden, imprisoned in the deep waters, wailing for her father, her mother and her home.

"So hard, so sad it is, to dwell within the sea;
So many, many, over us are rowing constan-
tly."

8. *Necken, the Water-King, giveth back the Drowned One, for that her Lover playeth the Harp so sweetly.* G. iii. 140-5. A. ii. 310-5. The Swedish copy is by the reviewer said to be eminently beautiful, and is entitled,—

(Harpan Kraft.) The Power of the Harp.

The doomed maiden is first represented as on her way to the sea, and the "twice six gallant knights" who accompany her, ask the cause of her secret distress; whether it is that she regrets some "good horse, or gold-saddle fine!"

Ah I sure no horse lament I,
Nor eke gold-saddle fine,

No, much and long I sorrow
For my fair bright golden hair,
Which tossing on its waters,
Deep Värnam soon shall bear:
Foretold it was about me,
While yet a child at play,
That waves should be my grave-bed
Upon my wedding-day!

So when now they came just
Half that good bridge o'er,
Her horse, four gold shoes wearing,
All sudden stumbled sore
Full brightly its four gold shoes,
And thirty gold-nails gleam,
And quickly down the virgin falls
Amid that rushing stream.

At this juncture comes in the glittering Harp, and its powers are truly miraculous:

To his little foot-page, hastily,
Then thus the youth did say:
My gold-harp bring me hither,
And make thou no delay!
The first stroke on his harp of gold
He struck so soft and clear,
That Necken on the water sat,
And smiled such notes to hear!
His second stroke on harp of gold,
It sounded all so sweet,—

that King Necken sat on the water, and was at last constrained by the enchanting harp-tones to yield up again "the young rosy-red bride," in as perfect health and beauty as if she had never left the earth.

9. *The Mountain King and his Bride.* G. i. l. ii. 201. A. ii. 275-7. The air to which this ballad is sung is exceedingly plaintive: "it is one of those ancient romantic ballads," says Geijer, "which are still the dearest pastime of the country people, on the winter evenings. It is a wonderful legend of a sweet

maiden, who, on her way to church, feels herself drawn with irresistible force, as by a charm or enchantment, to the mansion of the Mountain-King.

(Den Bergtagna.)

The Mountain-taken Maid.

And now to early matin-song
The maiden would away
So she took that dark path where
The lofty mountain lay:—
On the mountain-door she gently tapt
And small her fingers are;
"Rise up thou King o' the Mountain!
And lock and bolt unbar!"
The Mountain-King rose up, and quick
Dress'd back both bolt and bar;
To his silk-bed blue then bore he
The bride that came so far.
And thus for eight long years I ween
She liv'd i' th' mountain there;
And sons full seven she bore him
And eke a daughter fair.

At the termination of this period, she desires vehemently to visit her mother, who, of course, for all the seven years, had nothing heard of her, and knew not moreover what could be her fate: the Mountain-King gives his consent—but—that little forbidding but, was here as fatally dangerous as Blue-Beard's—he charges her to mention nothing of his eight children. This she promises, and her mother from the "home-halls" seeing her come, hastens and inquires,—

And where so long, so long a time
Dear daughter hast thou been?
Thou'st dwelled. I fear me, yonder,
I' the rose-deck'd hill so green.
No, never was my dwelling
On the rose-deck'd hill so green:
Thi' long, long time I yonder
With the Mountain-King have been!
And thus for eight long years I ween
I've liv'd i' the mountain there,
And sons full seven I've bore him,
And eke a daughter fair!

What! transgression of the Mountain-King's command in those two last lines! the stamp of the King is immediately heard: his hoarse tone reproaches her with the violated vow; and before she can bid a hurried adieu to her mother and home, the King tears her away:—

Her lily cheek then struck he,
Her cheek so pale and wan,
So that o'er her slim-laced kirtle
The gushing blood it ran.

So forth they rode, right thro' the wood
All black, and long, and wild:
Right bitter were her tears—
But the Mountain-King he smiled.

"Farewell, thou lofty heaven!
And the fresh green earth, farewell!
Now wend I to the mountain
Where the Mountain-King doth dwell!"

And now they six times journey
The gloomy mountain round:
Then flew the wide-door open,
And in they quickly bound.
A chair her little daughter reach'd
With gold it redly shone:
"O rest thee, my poor mother,
So sad and woe-begone!"

Her children try, by all the affectionate means in their power, to comfort her, they bring her mead in fair glasses, but, alas!—

Scarce from out the mead-glass bright
Her first draught doth she take,—
But her eyes were sudden clos'd,
And her weary heart it brake!

Poor Queen! she had better have lived in her own "home-halls" as a happy village maiden, than have surrendered herself to the atrocious Mountain-King, even though thereby she became Queen over the mountains. Sweet to live content with a humble lot!

Here we must break off—but we have yet one or two more charming legends at disposal, to be grouped under the title of, "Spells, Enchantments, and Wonders."

CONSIGNMENT OF SIR JOHN HERSCHEL'S TELESCOPE TO ITS LAST REST.

BABYLON, its star-seers, its astronomical tubes and towers,—from which, and through which, the starry wonders of the upper sphere were read, have long ago been "laid down in dust," and consigned to the "bats and moles of Chaldea." So, in like manner, has another of the astronomic race—the reverend old telescope of Sir John Herschel, in this modern day, been recently added to the old lumber of Time, and its "broad bright eye" that once mightily scanned the heavens, and the congregated glories of the whole Sabaoth, has, through age and imperfection, been closed for ever, and finally committed to "the blackness of darkness." From the very talented and entertaining pages of the *Literary Gazette* we learn, that, on the 1st January, 1840, Sir John Herschel consigned the old and celebrated telescope constructed by his father at Slough, to perpetual rest. This was done with some ceremony; the only notice of which that has been received came hither by no less roundabout a circuit than Nantes. The great astronomer is connected with that place, and some of his friends have received from one of the family, a communication on the subject, which has been printed in the "Breton,"—one of the best French papers, by the way, out of Paris. It had been determined to preserve the metal-tube of the instrument, with its metallic mirror, and to form of the whole a kind of monument in honour of the old telescope. All the wood-work, and whatever was liable to prompt decay, had been removed. The tube, therefore, was placed horizontally, and in the meridian line, upon pillars of brick, in the midst of the circle of brick-work, on which the scaffolding for managing the telescope had formerly been erected, and within which the ground is now planted with shrubs. The reflector of the telescope was brightly polished for the occasion; and at noon precisely, on January 1st, the commencement of the astronomical year, Sir John Herschel, Lady Herschel, their seven children, their

governess, and some persons who had been attached to the establishment of his father, walked in procession round the monument several times, and then entered the tube, where they seated themselves on benches prepared for the purpose. The following verses, composed by one of the sons of Sir John Herschel, were then sung, all the party joining in the chorus; after which they again marched round the telescope, and the extremity of the tube was fastened up. The day was closed by a family party.

In the old telescope's tube we sit,
And the shades of the past around us sit;
His requiem sing we, with shout and din,
While the old year goes out and the new comes in.

Chorus.

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing,
And make the old telescope rattle and ring.

Full fifty years did he laugh at the storm,
And the blast could not shake his majestic form;
Now prone he lies, where he once stood high,
And search'd the deep heaven with his broad bright eye.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

There are wonders no living wight hath seen,
Which within this hollow have pictured been,
Which mortal record can ne'er recall,
And are known to Him only who made them all.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

Here watched our father the wintry night,
And his gaze had been fed with pre-Adamite light;
While planets above him in mystic dance,
Sent down on his toils a propitious glance.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

He has stretched him quietly down at length,
To bask in the starlight his giant strength;
And Time shall here a tough morsel find,
For his steel-devouring teeth to grind.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

He will grind it at last, as grind it he must,
And its brass and iron shall be clay and rust;
But scatheless ages shall roll away,
And nurture its fame in its form's decay.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

A new year dawns, and the old year's past,
God send it a happy one like the last,
(A little more sun, and a little less rain,
To save us from cough and rheumatic pain.)

Merrily, merrily, &c.

God grant that its end this group may find
In love and in harmony fondly joined;
And that some of us fifty years hence once more
May make the old telescope's echoes roar!

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing,

And make the old telescope rattle and ring.

Bailly has exerted himself to show that Astronomy never could have originated either in hot Assyria, or sultry India; for *the denizens of the North*, even in the world's first ages, he claims that privilege. Even if so, they are assuredly more gifted in these last days, than they were in the first.

DIET AND DYSPEPSY;

OR, ALEXIS ST. MARTIN.*

LATTERLY, a very remarkable opportunity has been afforded of verifying on the human subject much that was conjectural or incomplete in the doctrines and facts relative to digestion; and as we shall have to refer more than

* From an elaborate article in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*.

once to the results, we may as well sketch the extraordinary story of Alexis St. Martin.

Dr. Beaumont, a physician in the army of the United States, while serving in the Michigan territory, was called to see a robust youth of eighteen, who half-an-hour before had been desperately wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun, the contents of which entered the chest, and passed in an oblique direction into the stomach, and out through the neighbouring integuments. There were therefore two perforations; an upper, from which a part of the lung, and a lower, from which a portion of the stomach, protruded. The cure was protracted during a year, at the end of which time the orifice in the chest was completely cicatrized, while that in the stomach remained open to the extent of two and a half inches in circumference, permitting the food to escape, unless prevented from so doing by the application of a pad and bandage. In another year (the spring of 1824), nature remedied this defect, by a species of valve formed of the inner lining of the stomach itself, which, by jutting over the aperture, closed it, by simple apposition without adhesion; so that it could be readily pushed aside whenever Dr. Beaumont wished to have ocular demonstration of the process of digestion in a living man, or when he chose to insert directly into the stomach any of the articles of food.

In 1825, experiments were commenced; but as St. Martin decamped without his master's leave or knowledge, we must suppose that they were, we will not say unpalatable, but not agreeable, to St. Martin. Four years elapsed ere he was heard of, during which period he had laboured hard for his livelihood, had married, and become the father of two children. It being by chance ascertained that he was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, Dr. Beaumont, with most laudable zeal, succeeded, at great expense, in having the man and his family transported to him, a distance of 2000 miles. St. Martin's health was perfectly good, although the aperture into the stomach remained pervious. A series of experiments were now tried on him, from August, 1829, to March, 1831, during the whole of which time he continued to perform the duties of a common servant in Dr. Beaumont's family. He then asked and obtained leave to go back to Canada, but once more returned in 1832, under the express stipulation of twelve months' further experimentation. The details have now been published by Beaumont, and commented on, among others, by Dr. Holland.

On pressing back the valve over the orifice into the stomach, the internal surface of that organ could be seen for the space of six inches, and the food could be perceived not only at the moment of its entrance, but during the whole period that it remained there; so that all the mechanism of a vital action hitherto known by indirect means alone was

exposed to the senses. The time and circumstances under which the secretion of gastric juice took place, the motion of the stomach, the temperature necessary for the digestive process, the appearance in health and in disease of the mucous membrane lining the organ, and many other states and facts, were definitely made out by the accident of which Dr. Beaumont made such good use. His experiments were painless, and we add with much pleasure that they appear to have been conducted with a discretion which does not always accord with the zeal displayed in the pursuit of knowledge. In no instance do we find that he infringed on the ties of humanity, or subjected his patient to any trials which could have impaired his frame. In this respect the man himself, by his excesses in drinking, his irregularities in diet, and his occasional ebullitions of temper, solved many a question, for the sake of which a conscientious inquirer would not have tempted his poverty.

Dr. Beaumont repeatedly observes that digestion was impeded, and the stomach disordered, by the ebullitions of temper which overcame St. Martin; and the following extracts will give to the reader a vivid picture of what he may make his organs suffer by infringing the golden rule of moderation:—

"July 14, nine o'clock p.m.—Temperature of stomach 102°. St. Martin has been in the woods all day, picking whortleberries, and has eaten no food since seven o'clock in the morning till eight at evening. Stomach full of berries and chymifying aliment, frothing and foaming like fermenting beer or cider: appears to have been drinking liquors too freely."

"July 28, nine o'clock p.m.—Stomach empty—not healthy—some erythema and aphthous patches on the mucous surface. St. Martin has been drinking ardent spirits pretty freely for eight or ten days past—complains of no pain, nor shows symptoms of any general indisposition—says he feels well, and has a good appetite."

"Aug. 2, eight o'clock a.m.—Extracted one ounce of gastric fluids, consisting of unusual proportions of vitiated mucus, saliva, and some bile, tinged slightly with blood, appearing to exude from the surface of the erythema and aphthous patches, which were tenderer and more irritable than usual. St. Martin complains of no sense of pain, symptoms of indisposition, or even of impaired appetite. Temperature of stomach 101°."

"Aug. 3, seven o'clock a.m.—Inner membrane of stomach unusually morbid; the erythematous appearance more extensive, and spots more livid than usual; from the surface of some of which exuded small drops of grumous blood; the aphthous patches larger and more numerous; the mucous covering thicker than common, and the gastric secretions much more vitiated. The gastric fluids extracted this morning were mixed with a large propor-

tion of
mucous
blood.
ance of
ration
Martin
any gen
cept an
the pit
dimness
down a
brown
is rather
appetit
well as

A

Rick
Sago
Tapi
Barl
Milk
Ditt
Gela
Fig
Trip
Ven
Spin
Tur
D
Goo
Fig
Live
Lam
Chic
Egg
Do
Cust
Cod
Tro

Flor
Sal
Oys
Do
Do
Bx
Do
Do
Do
Do
Do
Do
Do
Do
Do
Do

Men of thick ropy mucus, and considerable mucopurulent matter, slightly tinged with blood. Notwithstanding this diseased appearance of the stomach, no very essential aberration of its functions was manifested. St. Martin complains of no symptoms indicating any general derangement of the system, except an uneasy sensation, and a tenderness at the pit of the stomach, and some vertigo, with dimness and yellowness of vision in stooping down and rising again; has a thin, yellowish-brown coat on his tongue, and his countenance is rather sallow; pulse uniform and regular; appetite good; rests quietly, and sleeps as well as usual.*

Now, let those who tax their stomachs at the commands of an insatiable appetite, ponder well on these facts of Beaumont, from which it is evident that our sensations are but poor criteria of the presence of disease in this the most important organ of the animal economy.

We now present Dr. Beaumont's elaborate table of digestibility; premising, however, that wholesomeness of any article of food has a double reference, first to the thing itself, and secondly to the person; and that the latter is influenced by a hundred causes—by weather, by passion, by intemperance, by exhaustion,—&c. &c. &c.

Table showing the Mean Time of Digestion of the different Articles of Diet.

Articles of Diet.	Mode of Preparation.	Time required for Digestion		Articles of Diet.	Mode of Preparation.	Time required for Digestion	
		H.	M.			H.	M.
Rice	Boiled	1		Pork, recently salted	Raw	3	
Sago	Do.	1	45	Do. do. . . .	Stewed	3	
Tapioca	Do.	2		Murron, fresh . . .	Roasted	3	15
Barley	Do.	2		Do. do. . . .	Broiled	3	
Milk	Do.	2		Do. do. . . .	Boiled	3	
Ditto	Raw	2	15	VEAL, fresh	Broiled	4	
Gelatine	Boiled	2	30	Do. do. . . .	Fried	4	30
Pig's feet, soused . .	Do.	1		Fowls, domestic . .	Boiled	4	
Tripe, soused	Do.	1		Do. do. . . .	Roasted	4	
Venison steak	Boiled	1	35	Ducks, do. . . .	Do.	4	
Spinal marrow	Boiled	2	40	Do. wild	Do.	4	30
Turkey, domestic . . .	Roasted	2	30	Suet, beef, fresh . .	Boiled	5	3
Do. do.	Boiled	2	25	Do. mutton	Do.	4	30
Goose	Roasted	2	30	Butter	Melted	3	30
Pig, sucking	Do.	2	30	Cheese, old, strong .	Raw	3	30
Liver, beef's, fresh . .	Boiled	2		Soup, beef, vegeta-			
Lamb, fresh	Do.	2	30	bles, and bread . .	Boiled	4	
Chicken, full grown . .	Fricassee	2	45	Hash, meat and vege-			
Eggs, fresh	Hard boiled	3	30	tables	Warmed	2	30
Do. do.	Soft do.	3		Sausage, fresh . . .	Broiled	3	20
Custard	Baked	2	45	Heart, animal . . .	Fried	4	
Codfish, cured, dry . .	Boiled	2		Cartilage	Boiled	4	15
Trout, Salmon, fresh . .	Do.	1	30	Beans, pod	Do.	2	30
Do. do.	Fried	1	30	Bread, wheaten, fresh	Baked	3	30
Flounder, fresh	Do.	3	30	Do. corn	Do.	3	15
Salmon, salted	Boiled	4		Cake do.	Do.	3	
Oysters, fresh	Raw	2	55	Do. sponge	Do.	2	30
Do. do.	Roasted	3	15	Dumpling, apple . .	Boiled	3	
Do. do.	Stewed	3	30	Apples, sour and hard	Raw	2	50
BEER, fresh, lean, rare	Roasted	3		Do. do. mellow . .	Do.	2	
Do. do. dry	Do.	3	30	Do. sweet do. . . .	Do.	1	30
Do. steak	Boiled	3		Parsnips	Boiled	2	30
Do. with salt only . .	Boiled	2	45	Carrot, orange . . .	Do.	3	15
Do. with mustard, &c. .	Do.	3	30	Beet	Do.	3	45
Do. fresh, lean	Fried	4		Turnips, flat	Do.	3	30
Do. old, hard, salted . .	Boiled	4	15	Potatoes, Irish . . .	Do.	3	30
Pork-steak	Boiled	3	15	Do. do.	Roasted	2	30
Pork, fat and lean . .	Roasted	5	15	Do. do.	Baked	2	30
Do. recently salted . .	Boiled	4	30	Cabbage, head	Raw	2	30
Do. do.	Fried	4	15	Do. with vinegar . .	Do.	2	
Do. do.	Boiled	3	15	Do. do.	Boiled	4	30

* "Experiments on the Gastric Juice, &c. By Wm. Beaumont, M.D. Boston, 1824."—pp. 236-338.

The Gatherer.

In removing portions of the peat in the meadows near Calcot-mill, a quantity of nuts, nearly amounting to a bushel, were discovered; they were in the finest state of preservation, containing full kernels; the wood of the shell was, however, much softened.

To Dramatic Authors.—What are the causes of the present decline of the Drama in England!

When any member of a college at Cambridge dies within its walls, it is customary for some scholars to write verses and pin them (with their own hands, on the morning of the funeral) on the pall, like escocheons.—*Cambridge Portfolio*, No. 1x.

Discovery of the North-west Passage.—The gallant and untiring perseverance of our countrymen, have, at length, to their immortal honour, discovered the North-West passage, which has been an object of search to all maritime nations for three centuries. This gratifying intelligence was conveyed in a letter [dated October 16, 1839,] to the committee of the Hudson's Bay Company, London, from those intrepid voyagers, Mr. P. W. Dease, and Thomas Simpson.

In the neighbourhood of the White Nile, the married women have the singular privilege of being kissed by any man they like. The moment a stranger arrives at a village, the women crowd around him: one offers to wash his feet—another drives the flies from him—a third wipes the sweat off his face, or gives him Búza to drink; in short, each of them has to perform some kind office or other towards him. The husbands take no notice of this; indeed, jealousy is a thing unknown in this country.

Paris.—The Academy of Sciences, in Paris, has just received some specimens of wax made in China, by a species of small insect not at all related to the bee, and which were commonly found on two peculiar kinds of plants there.

Kordofan, in Africa, is a delightful country, and in many districts not inferior in fertility to Brazil. Vegetation, the most variegated, exhaling the sweetest odours, overspreads the lower parts of the country; beautiful creepers climb up and entwine the tallest trees; the grass grows to a man's height; parrots and honey-suckers, whose plumage is steeped in and glitters with the most splendid colours, flutter around; from the branches resound the sweetest choir of birds.

The Landers.—A pension has been granted to the widow and children of the late John Lander.

Wheat v. Spirits.—The Rev. Dr. Andrews, of Walworth, in an address at a late Temperance meeting, observed—Estimating the population of Great Britain and Ireland at 25 millions, and taking the average price of

wheat at 52s. per quarter, it would cost 44 millions sterling to supply each individual with a sack of flour a-year, which would be sufficient, as it would yield 90 loaves, or 94 loaves, if not full weight. The quantity of spirits (he excluded wine and malt liquor from the calculation,) sold last year was 53,231,000 gallons, which, at 15s. per gallon, on the average, cost 24,923,250l. or, in round numbers, 25 millions, a sum of money which would furnish bread to every person in the United Kingdom, for six months and twenty-four days.

Cheap Music.—It has been said by those who would deny music to the people, that it is not in harmony with the condition of those for whom it is designed. The objection is not a conclusive one; for the most brilliant airs of our operas are daily hawked about our streets and sung in our highways. These airs, caught flying, if we may so express ourselves, by the workmen, are repeated by them in their workshops and garrets. Why forbid them access to the punctuated music and accentuated harmonies of scientific composition, when you cannot prevent their seizing, and rendering often with great taste, by their musical instinct alone, the airs which float through the works of our greatest masters!

Lady Lyttelton, who recently died in her 97th year, was the widow of Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, who, it is said, was warned in a vision three days before his death, which happened accordingly, without any previous illness, November 27, 1779; her ladyship lived in a state of widowhood sixty-one years, probably the longest on record.

A Wellerism.—What! drunk as usual, as a drunkard observed to the bed-post. W. W.

NOTICE.

It has been our custom to notice communications on the cover of the Monthly Part, but as worthy Subscribers are, in consequence, unlikely to see such notices, we feel it incumbent on us to devote a space, in future, to that purpose, in the last number of every month.

To C. R. W.—From what work are the "Notes of a Visit to Buonaparte's Tomb" taken? and is the View original, or copied?

A letter has been lying for some time at the office for the gentleman, relative to his paper "On Axioms."

The request of "W. S." shall be complied with—our artist will visit the building.

Is not the poem transmitted by H. A. L. a plagiarism? and are his two German tales original?

Accepted.—"Grace A."—*Sweet Memories of Widdernere.*—"On the Language of Flowers."—"The Hour to Woo"

We beg respectfully to decline—"Fanny."—"Origin of the Shunqua Rose."—"My Childhood's Home."—"Thy Kingdom Come."—"The Sea."—"Morning."—"A Sermon."

Many other favours are under consideration.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.

No. 10

The building interior, residence plain far height of Ayr and exposed obviated grown tre south one loved to rations cons a bun—the latter ble, and far from deration, later, sin that here fire-place, men that of the mo The place all others the openi

Th I s All I t Vol. x